

# Onion Tops

Number 73

October 2017

I may have to retitle my 'zine to Onion FLOPS if my slacker ways continue. And it's not like I have anything new to contribute this time; I noticed some of my Howard Days photos in other people's 'zines-last mailing. But, since it's all I have time for, here are a couple of Howard Days items.

**Dr. Howard, formerly of Christian but now located at Bryson was in Jacksboro yesterday on business**

*Jacksboro News, April 13, 1905*

As far as I know, the above item is the only reference to Dr. Howard being located in Jack County, which adjoins Palo Pinto County on the north, where we know Dr. Howard was living in Christian at the time. Years ago, I hit the Jack courthouse and inspected their Medical Register, but the earliest volume they had started in 1912, and I. M. Howard was not included therein. So, like so many other tiny Texas towns, if IMH was located there, he didn't stay long. In fact, on May 1st he received a diploma from Gate City Medical College in Texarkana; on May 12, he registered in Parker County, which adjoins Palo Pinto on the east; and on May 23 he filed a Certificate of Death from Whitt, Texas (Parker County).

Anyway, since I've been everywhere else in Texas that the Howards are known to have been, I couldn't exactly let this one slide. So I took a quick drive over before hitting Howard Days. FYI: Bryson makes Cross Plains look like a metropolis.





After Bryson, I headed to Cross Plains and started drinking beer. Sat on a couple of panels on Friday, chatted with the usual suspects.

I'm manning the REH Foundation booth on Saturday with Rusty and Patrice. Minding my own business. Then Paul Herman returns from somewhere and says that there are a couple of old guys talking about what the Howard house looked like when they lived in it years ago. "Maybe," he says, "one of you biography guys should go talk to them."

The guys are Floyd (the guy with the pad of paper above) and Roy Carter. They apparently moved in when Dr. Howard moved to Ranger in 1943 or so. They talked about how the house looked back then. Floyd said that the current window between Hester's and Bob's rooms was actually a door back then, which makes a lot more sense. He also indicated that Dr. Howard's front porch shingle had been tossed into a cedar in the back yard before they filled it in.

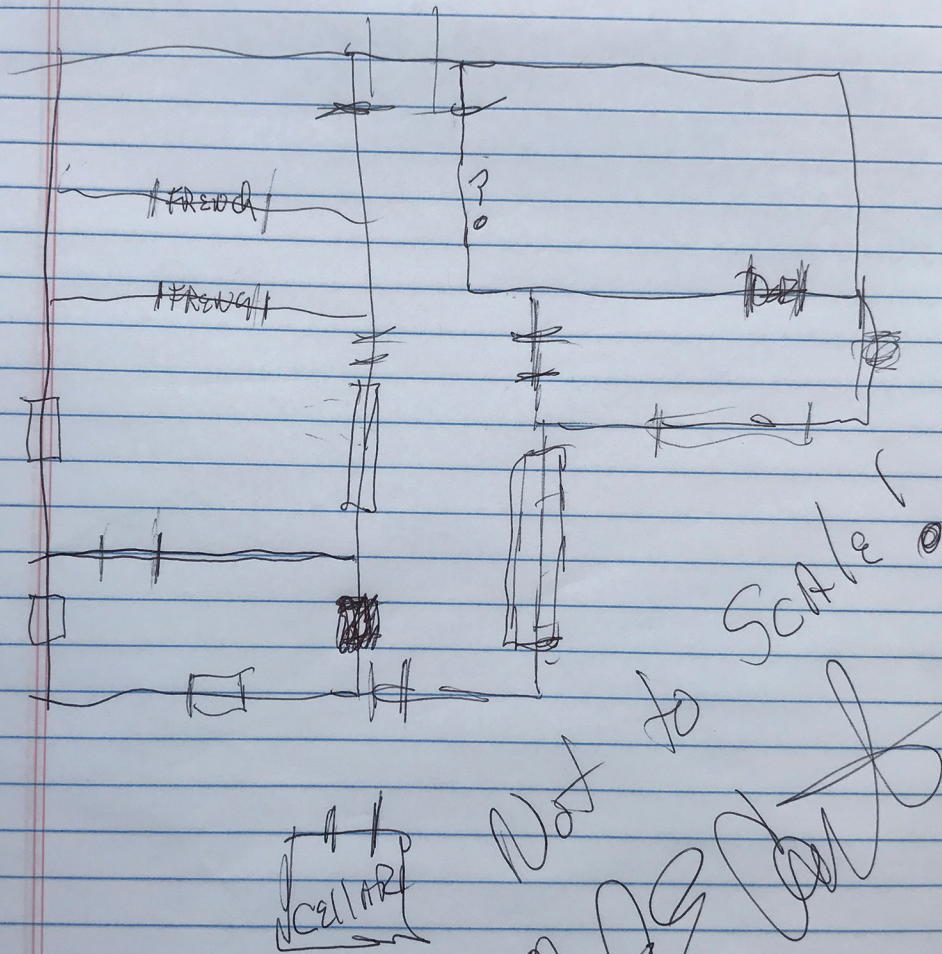
I returned to the booth and Paul says something like, "Gee, if I was interested in that kind of thing, I might ask one of them to make a sketch of the place as they remember it. You know, for future reference." Taking the hint, I grabbed my notepad and tracked Floyd down again. He was happy to make the drawing, but kept insisting that it was not to scale.

I returned to the booth, again, and Paul said, "Nice drawing. Who made it? When did they make it? Or is this your version? I'm just a lawyer, but we usually like to know who produced a document, and when it was produced. Just sayin'."

So, I went back again, and asked Floyd if he wouldn't mind signing and dating my notepad. I then took a few iPhone photos (there's one on the next page) and sent them off to Paul, Rusty, and Patrice. Everyone started talking about getting a backhoe out there to dig up the yard for that Dr. Howard shingle. The idea of all that work made me thirsty, so I hit the road early for Colorado, where I had a date with the New Belgium Brewery.



Floyd Carter  
(and Roy Carter)



Not to Scale  
6/10/2017



Robert E. Howard

ONE WHO COMES AT EVENTIDE

I think when I am old a furtive shape  
Will sit beside me at my fireless hearth,  
Dabbled with blood from stumps of severed wrists,  
And flecked with blackened bits of mouldy earth.

My blood ran fire when the deed was done;  
Now it runs colder than the moon that shone  
On shattered fields where dead men lay in heaps  
Who could not hear a ravished daughter's moan.

(Dim through the bloody dawn on bitter winds  
The throbbing of the distant guns was brought  
When I reeled like a drunkard from the hut  
That hid the horror my red hands had wrought.)

So now I fire my veins with stinging wine,  
And hoard my youth as misers hug their gold,  
Because I know what shape will come and sit  
Beside my crumbling hearth—when I am old.

TO A WOMAN

Though fathoms deep you sink me in the mould,  
Locked in with thick-lapped lead and bolted wood,  
Yet rest not easy in your lover's arms;  
Let him beware to stand where I have stood.

I shall not fail to burst my ebon case,  
And thrust aside the clods with fingers red:  
Your blood shall turn to ice to see my face  
Look from the shadows on your midnight bed.

To face the dead, *he*, too, shall wake in vain,  
My fingers at his throat, your scream his knell;  
He will not see me tear you from your bed,  
And drag you by your golden hair to Hell.

— 211 —

Page from *Modern American Poetry*, 1933

This edition of *Onion Tops*, such as it is, was produced by Rob Roehm for REHupa mailing #267. All original material is copyright © 2017 Roehm's Room Press.



